

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 146 MINOR THEATRE. 6d.
BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE HAUNTED HULK.

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL,

Author of The Pilot, Wardock Kennilson, The Kœuba,
Inchcape Bell, and The Flying Dutchman.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.-G.

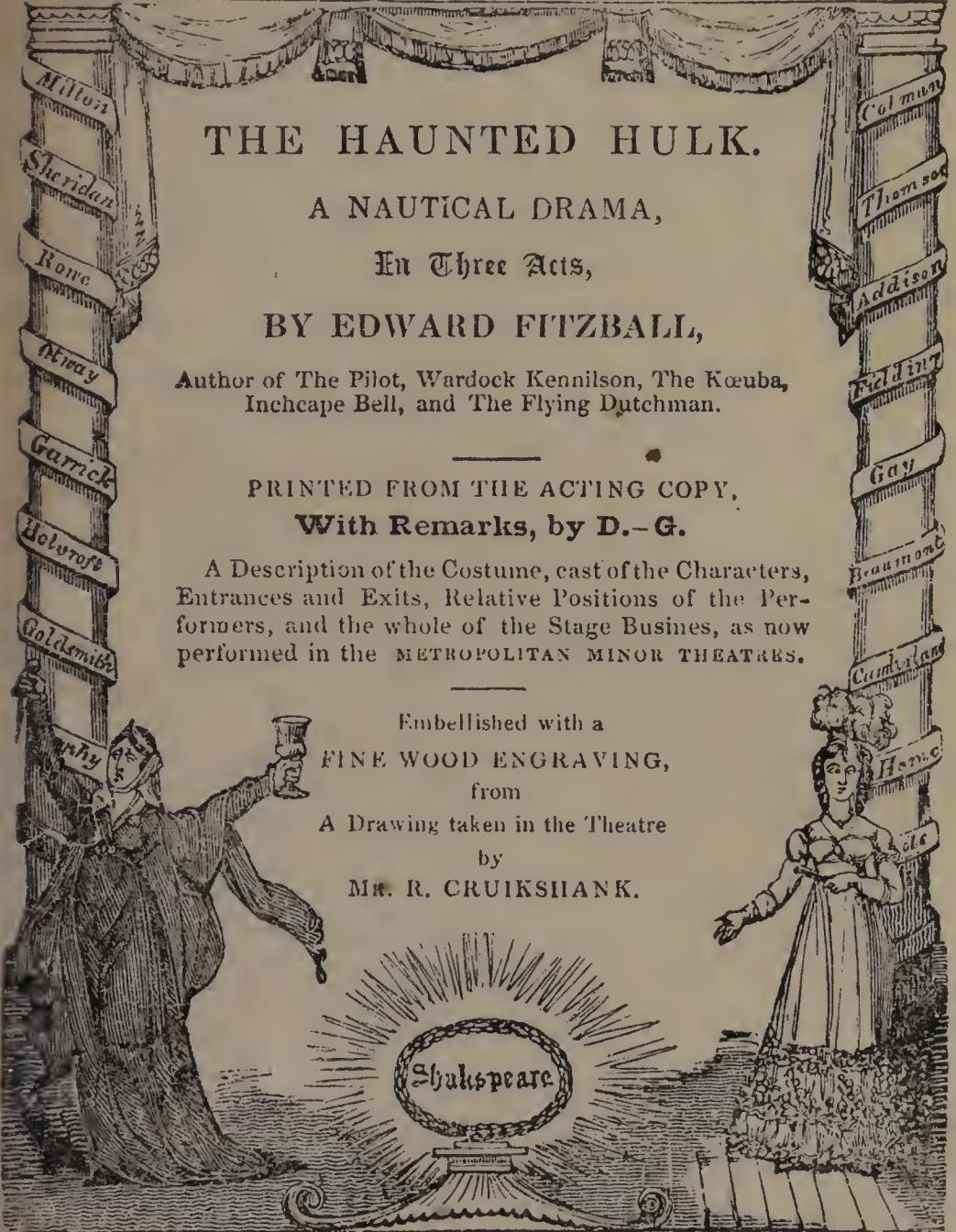
A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers,
and the whole of the Stage Business, as now
performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



Shakspeare

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. F. Burner, Sc.

The Haunted Hulk.

Richard. Avast there, Caleb Caulder! Would you destroy your own flesh and blood?

Act II. Scene 2.

THE HAUNTED HULK:

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

Author of Wardock Kennitson, The Inehcape Bell, The Pilot, Peveril of the Peak, The Three Hunchbacks, Fortunes of Nigel, Joan of Arc, The Earthquake, Devil's Elixir, Mary Glastonbury, Floating Beacon, Colonel of Hussars, Kœuba, Innkeeper of Abbeville, The Flying Dutchman, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

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REMARKS.

The Haunted Hulk.

THE Haunted Hulk is one of that particular species of dramas, which, of late years, has proved so popular at the minor theatres; where the sea is the principal scene of action, and the sailor the principal character; where a supernatural interest is cast over the plot, and fire and water are pressed into the service to heighten the effect. Two actors of original genius have mainly contributed to the success of these productions—T. P. Cooke, and O. Smith. The former, justly celebrated for his bold, vigorous, and romantic picture of the British tar—romantic, we say, from the dashes of pathos that he minglest with his good humour and jollity. The latter, for that mysterious, abstracted, half-crazed look and manner; that ominous, hollow voice, stealthy step, and subtle devilry, so peculiar to him. We have often been affected with T. P. Cooke's nautical portraits, and have entered into the hilarious spirit of his salt-water-fun. We have longed to shake hands with the warm-hearted seaman.—Not so with O. Smith; his demonship always keeps us at a respectful distance; we would as soon grasp a red hot poker, or burn our fingers with *American bonds*, as come in contact with his “pickers and stealers.” He is the incarnation of fire and brimstone, breathing combustion and blue flame; and when he blows away his mystic smoke, and degenerates into simple mortality, we can hardly persuade ourselves that he is not a full-grown imp of darkness incog; a spirit of mischief in earthly costume; which makes us keep a sharp look out for his hoofs and tail!

In this drama O. Smith plays Caleb Caulder, a dealer in marine stores, a pirate, and a smuggler. His nephew, Sam Sprouts, having been let loose three weeks in London, returns to his native village on the sea-coast, with his mind made up to discard one Patty Maggs his old flame, to gratify his uncle's ambition, which aspires to Miss Suzette the daughter of Old Barncliff, a farmer. Knowing the family pride of the Barncliffs, Caleb resolves to have them, to a certain degree, in his power; and with this sinister view, he invites Stephen, the farmer's son, a sailor in the king's service, to take a parting glass with him before he joins his ship. The liquor having been designedly drugged, his unsuspecting victim falls into a death-like sleep in a cavern under the rocks, during which the vessel sails; and Stephen's leave of absence

having expired, he is declared a deserter. This is not only revenge for the young sailor's scornful rejection of his stupid nephew for a brother-in-law, but a scheme to compel the unwilling match at some future time. But Suzette has a lover of her own choice—Richard Oakum, the early companion and friend of Stephen, and one of the very crew whose duty it is to apprehend the absentee! In order to worm himself into the confidence of the smugglers, the Lieutenant of the Preventive Service, stationed at the village, assumes the disguise of a pedlar, and becomes intimate with Caulder. Among the mendacious tricks that the latter reveals to his new associate, is his treachery to young Barncliff, and its perplexing consequences. A ghost story is going its round of the village—At midnight, a figure, in spirit costume, is seen on board a wrecked hulk discoverable only at low water; and, as usual, the most ridiculous surmises are afloat as to the ghost of whom it may chance to be. Young Oakum, not comprehending the meaning of Suzette's confused and mysterious conduct—(the poor girl is in sad jeopardy about her brother)—becomes jealous; and beholding a female figure sailing towards the Haunted Hulk in a light skiff, he fancies that it bears resemblance to Suzette. A handkerchief, blown from her neck to the shore, he picks up; 'tis his own present to her! This mystery shall be unravelled—at all hazards he will follow her!

She has had but a few moments to commune with her unhappy brother when Richard comes on board. A stranger!—for the fugitive is too well disguised to be recognised. His suspicions are confirmed. The earnest entreaties of Suzette, not to press for an immediate explanation, prevail not;—but when Richard sees her desperately determined to cast herself into the deep, if he refuses to land the stranger in safety, he relents—Stephen is put on shore, and the young lover returns to the Haunted Hulk just in time to save his mistress, as the waves are fast encircling it. Stephen is now concealed in his father's cottage, and Caleb Caulder, with his smugglers, comes to search it. Here occurs an ingenious display of cross purposes—Stephen is hid in a closet, from which he slyly emerges, and escapes into a side chamber. His place in the closet is supplied by Miss Maggs, who at first entering voluntarily, and to indulge her womanly curiosity, is subsequently locked in, and remains a prisoner while the search is going on. The side chamber is the only one not examined; and Stephen, always on the alert, slips out and conceals himself behind the door; so that the malice of Caulder is partially defeated. The farmer asks *why* his cottage has been searched. The smuggler sneeringly refers him to a printed bill, offering a reward of twenty pounds for the apprehension of one Stephen Barncliff a deserter. The shock is so sudden and great—for the secret has been kindly kept from him by his daughter—that he falls down senseless.

How will Richard Oakum act when he hears this strange news,

devoted as he is to the service of his country? As a generous heart, under such circumstances, should act! He will save his friend at the expense of his own life, and share with him, if needs be, in a foreign land his future fortunes. The two young friends are discovered in their retreat among the rocks. Stephen is overpowered and captured by Caulder and his crew; as would have been Richard, had not Suzette entered opportunely from the hulk in her goblin dress, and supplied him with a brace of pistols. Stephen is hurried on board Caleb's vessel, and is soon followed by Richard, who springs unexpectedly up the ship's side to rescue him. Then comes farmer Barncliff and Suzette—and, while the relentless smuggler, deaf to all entreaties, is defying them all, his old friend the pedlar, alias Black Will, at whose shrill whistle a company of marines are conjured up from the deck and rigging, shows his portentous physiognomy! They point the muzzles of their guns at Caleb; while the pedlar, throwing off his disguise, appears in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Preventive Service! All this might have subdued a less daring spirit—but the bold smuggler is not so easily frightened. As he cannot sink the enemy with his curses, he resolves to blow up the ship's company and himself into the bargain. So seizing a burning brand, he leaps down the hatchway and fires the vessel. Farmer Barncliff, Suzette, and Stephen escape in a boat—the smugglers are overpowered—Black Will rescues Richard Oakum from the infuriated Caulder, whom he stabs—and an explosion bursts from the gangway; but not before the Lieutenant and Oakum are safe in the boat. Master Caleb, according to his manifold deserts, soon finds his way to the sub-marine locker of the celebrated Mr. Davy Jones!

 D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters,
As performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi.

<i>Raker (a Lieutenant in the Preventive Service, alias "Black Will, the Pedlar")</i>		Mr. Salter.
<i>Caleb Caulder (a Dealer in Marine Stores)</i>		
<i>Sam Sprouts (his Nephew)</i>		Mr. J. Reeve.
<i>Richard Oakum</i>	<i>Sailors</i>	Mr. Perkins.
<i>Stephen Barncliff</i>		Mr. T. Millar.
<i>Old Barncliff (a Farmer)</i>		Mr. F. Matthews.
<i>Dragonface (Landlord of the "Ship")</i>		Mr. Addison.
<i>Suzette Barncliff</i>		Mrs. Yates.
<i>Patty Maggs</i>		Mrs. Humby.
<i>Sailors, Marines, Smugglers, and Lasses.</i>		

Costume.

RAKER.—*First dress*: Dark gaberdine and black belt—large white collar—low-crown broad brimm'd hat—pedlar's pack, or box. *Second dress*: Lieutenant's full dress navel uniform—sword and pistols.

CALEB CAULDER.—Blue jacket—guernsey shirt—petticoat trousers—black belt and buckle—blue cap—sword and pistols.

SAM SPROUTS.—Blue coat—figured waistcoat and pantaloons.

BICHARD OAKUM.—Blue jacket and trousers—cheque shirt—blue neckerchief, and naval sword.

STEPHEN BARNCLIFF.—Blue jacket and trousers—cheque shirt—loose black neckerchief.

OLD BARNCLIFF.—Long brown coat—dark waistcoat—cord breeches—worsted stockings—shoes—hat—stick.

DRAGONFACE.—Short dark green jacket—striped waistcoat—drab breeches—worsted stockings—short apron and sleeves.

SUZETTE BARNCLIFF.—*First dress*: Neat coloured muslin—black mits. *Second dress*: White muslin wrapper and white veil.

PATTY MAGGS.—Smart figured silk gown—leghorn bonnet, with red ribbons—large roses in the hair.

THE HAUNTED HULK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village, opening to the Sea—a Ship in the distance—a Cottage, L. S. E.—over the door, “CALEB CAULDER, DEALER IN MARINE STORES”—a rustic table and seats near the cottage—Barncliff’s House, R.S.E.*

PREVENTIVE MEN discovered receiving a written instruction from an Officer, who appears in a boat.

CHORUS.—PREVENTIVE MEN.

We this way and we that way,
The smugglers haunt to trace ;
Aboard, ashore, no skulking knave
Shall dare to show his face.

Deserters, too,
Who quit their crew—
Their duty—fell disgrace !
We’ll quickly tell,
In rock or dell,
The lubber’s lurking place.

We this way, &c.

[*The Officer retires in the boat.—Exeunt Men, R. and L.*

Enter CALEB CAULDER from the cottage, followed by SAM SPROUTS, carrying a bundle, and his boots dusty.

Caul. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha !—So, as I was saying, nephew Sam, during your three weeks visit to London, to see your stupid old mother, I’ve settled the whole affair. Let Farmer Barncliff refuse you his daughter Suzetta’s hand any longer at his peril, I tell you.

Sam. [Rubbing his eyes.] No, be it though ? I be’en’t married to Suzette without knowing it myself, be I ? [Aside.]

If so, what's to become of my first love, Patty Maggs?—
She'll raise all Lunnun to seize me as her right.

Caul. Suzette Barncliff is genteel and pretty.

Sam. So she is.

Caul. And her father has a decent freehold.

Sam. But you forget,—Farmer Barncliff has also a son a sailor.

Caul. [Mysteriously.] You marry Suzette; her brother Stephen shan't trouble you; I know what I'm about.
[Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

LIEUTENANT RAKER, disguised as a Pedlar, appears L. U. E.

Ah! yonder comes my worthy friend, Black Will the pedlar. What wind blows him this way I wonder?

Sam. You seem well acquainted with Black Will, uncle, though nobody else is. If a body might ask, pray who is he? and where does he come from?

Caul. What's that to you? In with you! put down your bundle, and bring out pipes and a stoup of liquor—d'ye hear?

Sam. [Aside.] I must be deaf if I didn't. Here's a welcome home! Oh, Patty Maggs! [Exit, L. E.]

Caul. The boy is right, touching my acquaintance with Black Will; 'tis brief enough.—But the fellow is so useful; there isn't a movement amongst the Preventive Men that he doesn't know of; he knows better than myself where a contraband cargo may be landed in safety. I sometimes think the devil must whisper the information he gets, into his ear. The old scoundrel!—He's here. [Raker advances.] Ah! my worthy friend, I was just thinking of you; but bring yourself to an anchor, we'll have a social pipe and a toss of brandy.

Rak. [Putting down his pack.] Talking of brandy, taste of that. [Gives a flask.] It's a heart-warmer.

Caul. [Drinks.] Brave liquor, indeed! Is there more of it elsewhere?

Rak. Six casks under the sand at the old spot. You can have all for digging up.

Caul. [Grasping his hand.] My dear friend!

Rak. Isn't it super-excellent? Try again. [Aside.] If that doesn't set him talking nothing will.

Caul. I'm to treat with you for six casks, eh?

Rak. [Mysteriously.] At midnight.

* *Caul.* [Placing his finger on his lip.] Mum!

Rak. You see I don't forget you ; I'm always on the look-out.

Caul. Cunning as the devil, eh ? [Gigling.] He, he, he !

Rak. Foresight—foresight, that's all. But how goes on the affair between your nephew and Suzette Barncliff ? Ah, I'm afraid you want a little of my cunning as you call it, to bring that ship into port, eh ?

Caul. [Firing.] I have my schemes as well as others, though I say it.

Rak. [Tauntingly.] But you can't get over the pride of the Barncliffs. For instance now, when you questioned Stephen as to his sister marrying your nephew Sam, what was the reply ?—a sneer.

Caul. [Laughing.] I've had ample revenge. [Drinks.

Rak. Ah, the boy Stephen has deserted his ship, it seems, at least, you insinuated as much at our last meeting.

Caul. Yes ; and what would you say to hear, that the sole cause of Stephen Barncliff's desertion was a manœuvre of mine.

Rak. No, no, that's too much for me to believe of you ; prove it, prove it, I shall then have some hopes of you, and should be less afraid to trust you with more important contraband secrets. [Aside.] Touch his avarice !

Caul. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! Know, then, that when Stephen scornfully repelled the marriage between our families, and said that his sister's hand was engaged to Dick Oakum, I smiled and approved of what I called the lad's frankness ; and when he had taken leave of his sick father for the purpose of rejoining his ship, I met him at the little lonely public-house amongst the cliffs, and tempted him to take a parting cup with me in a cavern under the rocks. The liquor I gave him contained a drug so potent, that 'ere he had swallowed it twenty seconds, he fell into a deep and death-like sleep.

Rak. From which he did not awake till the ship had sailed ?

Caul. No, I took care of that.

Rak. [Aside.] Villain !

Caul. What say you ?

Rak. I'm all astonishment, and for once own myself outdone. But what has become of Stephen ?

Caul. That I know not ; he vanished somewhere, but it strikes me, that Suzette is not ignorant of his hiding place.

Rak. Indeed ! But whence that suspicion ?

Caul. The alteration in her manner of late—her forced spirits ; then at times her startled look—her pale cheek.

Rak. [With warmth.] Poor girl !

Caul. [Startled.] Recollect, this affair must go no further—you must swear it.

Rak. Swear it ! Do you doubt me ?

Caul. [Looking towards the cottage.] Hush—hush ! 'tis Barncliff himself !—another time—silence ! sit down ! sit down ! [Calling.] Sam ! I say, Sam ! I must pay my respects to neighbour Barncliff. [Goes up, c.

Rak. [Aside.] Heartless wretch !

Enter OLD BARNCLIFF from the house, R. S. E., leaning on SUZETTE BARNCLIFF—Caulder meets them with a smile.

Re-enter SAM SPROUTS from the cottage, L. S. E., with liquor and pipes, which he places on the table—Raker watches with mingled emotion.

Sam. [Aside.] Miss Suzette, she despises me,—not that I care for that ; but I'll let her see that I haven't passed three weeks in Lunnun, in the Minories, too, so lately, without bringing home some of the fasionable manners of the day.

[He brushes up his hair, lights a pipe, and sits down in attitude—Suzette advances, R., supporting Old Barncliff, pale and indisposed.

Caul. Good even, neighbour. Taking a stroll down the sea beach for the benefit of the fresh breeze, I suppose ?

Barn. Yes, the first time I've been out after my long indisposition. We have just learned that Richard Oakum, my intended son-in-law, has landed, and both Suzette and myself are anxious to meet him and communicate the intelligence of the late visit of my son. It was unfortunate that Richard should have been ordered to a fresh position, just before the arrival of Stephen after a separation of seven years ; the boys would have been delighted to meet after so long an absence.

Caul. [Bitterly.] Richard will be highly gratified to hear that Stephen so approves of his addresses to Suzette.

Barn. That he will, I'm sure.

Caul. Bless me, Suzette ! what's the matter, child ?—How pale you look—haven't you been crying ?

Suz. [Trembling.] I—crying—what—should lead you to suppose that?—what—should make me weep?

Caul. Your recent separation from your brother, perhaps?

Suz. [Agitated.] Recent?—I—I love my brother tenderly—it is but natural to regret his absence.

Caul. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Rak. [Aside.] Yes, Suzette alone knows her brother's secret.

Suz. [Impatiently.] Dear father, let us continue our walk, it grows late.

Barn. You are right, my child. Good night, friends. Come, Suzette. [Exeunt Barncliff and Suzette, L.

Caul. [Aside, laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! I have my revenge. [To Raker.] You go down to the landing-place and keep a sharp look out as to what passes.

Rak. [Significantly.] I will.

Caul. [Apart to Raker.] We'll meet at midnight. The casks—the spot?

Rak. [Taking up his pack.] Under the withered elm; be punctual.

Caul. Depend on me.

[Exeunt, Raker L., Caulder, into the cottage, L. S. E.

Sam. [Smoking.] Well, she's gone without taking the least notice of me; or, perhaps, the careless hattitude in which I placed myself on purpose to mortify her with this town-cut coat on, had its effect. How could it fail?—

[Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Poor Suzette! she's grown pale during my absence: she begins to repent the refusal of my hand. What a triumph for Patty Maggs. I'll smoke on my way to the landing-place, and when Suzette and Richard meet, I'll give her one of my pitiful looks, as much as to say, I'm sorry for you—you've done it, haven't you,—to throw yourself away upon Dick Oakum, a fellow in the preventive service, when you might have had me, even me, the nephew of Mr. Caleb Caulder, with a ship on the high seas.

[Exit, smoking, L.

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the "Ship" Public House—
a window, L. F.*

Enter DRAGONFACE, Sailors, and Lasses, R.

Dra. This way, ladies and gentlemen, if you are for a dance; this is the ball-room, fresh washed and sanded.

Sailor. But where's Dick Oakum? there's no beginning the dance without him.

Dra. No, no; though I say it, for a hop and a hearty laugh there isn't his equal.

Sailors. [Calling off.] What ho! Dick Oakum, ahoy!—Ho!

A Voice. [Without, l.] Dick Oakum, ho!

Enter RICHARD OAKUM, l.

Ric. Belay, there!—What cheer, messmates!—Yo, ho! Here am I, safe aboard in the twirling of a handspike. [Jumps in, laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Now, my hearties, what cheer? Come, push about the grog—pipe all hands for mischief.

CHORUS.—SAILORS.

We merry, merry sailors, at sea or ashore,
 With a heart for our king and the fair;
 'Mid the grog and the flip,
 On the deck how we trip;
 Then fill, fill the glass
 To each favourite lass,
 And let every bumper flow o'er;
 And merrily sing,
 Here's a health to our king,
 Old England, the brave, and the fair,
 And laugh, laugh, laugh away care.

Ric. But hold, I don't see my own trim little vessel, the Suzette Barncliff, alongside yet; and for me to turn a toe without her would be like going to sea without a jolly boat. [Looking off, l.] Ah! I see her crowding all sail this way. Huzza! three cheers for Suzette Barncliff. I'll fire a salute myself.

[Shouts.]

Enter SUZETTA, hastily, l., followed by OLD BARNCLIFF
 —Suzetta throws herself into Richard's arms, who kisses her.

Suz. My dear Richard!

Ric. Suzette, to grapple you thus again—lord, I'm so happy. [Singing.] Fol-de-rol! [To Barncliff.] You'll excuse me, father-in-law that is to be, but the sight of my dear Suzette—I—oh! bless your pretty features—there isn't a figure-head like your's in all his majesty's navy!

[Kisses Suzette with vehemence.]

Enter SAM SPROUTS, R.—they all laugh.

Sam. Vell, I'm sure ! I think you might find something better to make your ridiculousness on, than a respectable person,—just from town, too—all the Lunnun cut.

Ric. [Turning him about.] So, this is what the Lunnuners call ship-shape, eh, Sam ?

Sam. [Conceitedly.] Something like it, I believe,—nothing ridiculous about me, I think.

[Richard takes a piece of chalk slyly from Dragonface, and draws it down Sam's back.

Ric. Not by no manner of means. [They all laugh.] You must excuse us, father-in-law, and you, Suzette. If a sailor isn't entitled to laugh at a blockhead, who is ? You know, Sam, if you can't stand a harmless joke, you shouldn't fire first, my boy. [Claps him on the back.

Sam. I bear no malice, not I. [Aside.] I'd better pretend to be friends, though he's almost broke my back.

Enter RAKER, disguised as a Pedlar, L., offering his pack.

Ric. That's heart of oak. Ha, Pedlar !—Let's overhaul your cargo. Here's a beauty ! It reminds me of the sky, because it's blue ; and it reminds me of Suzette, because it's an emblem of truth and innocence.

[Ties a blue handkerchief round Suzette's neck.

Suz. [Blushing.] Oh, Richard !

Sam. How poetical ! Give me that 'ere scarlet t'other, Mister Pedlar. [Aside.] I'll tie it round Patty Magg's neck when I meet her, and say exactly the sentiment vot Richard said,—it's like the sky because it's red.

[Goes up to the pack.

Barn. But, Richard, we have such news for you.

Ric. What is it ?

Barn. My dear boy, Stephen, has been home in your absence. [Raker listens attentively.

Ric. [Looking round.] Stephen returned ! Where is he, Suzette ?

Suz. [Agitated.] I—my brother—father, answer.

Rak. [Aside.] Poor girl ! how I pity her.

Barn. His leave of absence only extended to three days. You know how punctual the boy is to his duty. Richard, I love him for it.

Ric. Ah, what frolics Stephen and I have played toge-

ther in our time. When we were no taller than a grog-bucket, and couldn't see over the top of a chicken coop, there were we trimming our queer little paper vessels side by side, launching them in the same puddle, and towing them to the same bit of rock. When we grew up, we didn't differ in sentiment the space of a spun-yarn. We went to sea together, and, though fortune drafted us into separate vessels seven years since, I'll warrant, our hearts are as much alongside each other as ever. So, Stephen has been here, has he? Sink my mizen top! what would I have given to see him? I wish from the bottom of my heart an embargo could have been placed upon him till my arrival.

Bar. The day will come,—but our conversation interrupts the harmony of the evening; your friends seem waiting—

Ric. For myself and Suzette to open the ball;—it was a promise I made my messmates.

Suz. Indeed, Richard, I can't—I—

Ric. How! would you make me break a promise? No, I see you relent already. [Takes her hand playfully—she struggles with emotion.] Dragonface, order the band to strike up.

Dra. Hillo! aboard there, Jack Fiddle! Come in, band!

Enter Fiddler, r., conducted in by Dragonface—the Fiddler plays.

A DANCE.

[Richard and Suzette perform a dance, which afterwards becomes general.

Bar. Come, Suzette, child; 'tis time to retire. Stephen—Richard, I mean, don't let us take you from your messmates. Shall we see you in the morning?

Ric. I fear not; we expect an order to give a sharp lookout along the coast at daybreak.

Bar. For the arrest of a smuggler as usual?

Ric. No, this time we seek the apprehension of a deserter.

Suz. [Trembling.] A deserter! Great heaven! [With quickness.] Do you know his name?

Ric. No, I speak merely upon report at present; but his name and his ship will both come out with our further orders. The skulker! I despise the lubber who can meanly turn his back on his ship and his duty.

Bar. [With fervour.] The very sentiments of my dear son ;—and I do hope, Richard, that the disgraceful runaway you seek, may speedily be brought to a sense of his dis-honour. If I were that boy's father, I'd—

Suz. For mercy's sake, not from your lips—no more—no, no, no ! [Checking herself.] What would you say, dear father, if brother Stephen were in the situation you so execrate ?

Barn. Stephen a deserter ! Do I not know him ? The brave lad ! the first word he ever lisped was the king's name ; and were he now dying in action, that word would be his last. Stephen a deserter ! Were such a thing possible, truly, fondly as I love him, thus with uplift hands, I'd denounce—

Suz. [Trembling.] Forbear, father ! Richard—oh, heaven ! [Falls into Richard's arms.]

Barn. My child !

Ric. Dear Suzette, what signal of distress is this ? Belay now ! what cheer, dear Suzette—not a word for Richard ?

[The Sailors draw about them.]

Suz. [Recovering, and looking round.] Oh, father !—Richard ! I hope I have said nothing which—

Barn. No, no, what could you say to excite this alarm ?

Suz. Nothing, nothing, I'm very foolish—I—[Laughing hysterically.] Ha, ha, ha !—the dancing, perhaps—my head grows dizzy ; lead me into the air, Richard, these people overwhelm me.

[Richard strikes back the Sailors, and gives Sam a blow in the face with his hat.]

Ric. Clear the gangway, ye lubbers, can't you ? make sea-room ! Lean on me, Suzette—steady—steady !

[Exit Suzette, supported by Richard and Barncliff, L.]

Sam. [Rubbing his eye.] He slapped his hat right in my high ;—I'll nap him for that some day. Don't I know what all that ere fainting's about well enough—haven't I discovered the secret ?

Rak. [Eagerly.] No, have you ? what is it ?

Sam. [Conceitedly.] I'm it ;—the women are always going into hurrystericks about me—ax Patty Maggs else.

Rak. Bah !

Sam. [Scornfully.] That ere Pedlar's no gentleman ; I can't talk to him.

[*He sneaks to the table—the Pedlar busies himself over his pack.*

Re-enter RICHARD OAKUM, abstractedly, L.

Ric. The suddenness of her indisposition—the unusual gloom on her features when we met—her reluctance to dance—she that was ever the first and merriest—her tears too—her forced explanations—Surely, during my short absence, no rival—she's beautiful, but no! I wrong Suzette to suspect her of forgetting me while I was away. By the time I have said good night to my messmates, I hope she will be all right again, and the sky of Dick Oakam's happiness more serene for the transient gloom which has just crossed it.

Sam. [At the table with other.] Well, that is the wonderfullest story—the white woman sailing about in her lug at midnight, and talking to the moon aboard the hulk. [Looking at his watch.] At midnight, too! I'll be off, it's near the time. [Several Sailors, at the instigation of the girls, who appear somewhat alarmed, retire.] I don't like ghostesses.

Ric. What yarn is that?

Sam. Some other time. [Going.] I'm in a splendacious hurry just now.

Rak. [Pulling him back.] But we must hear the story.

Sam. Must, Mister Pedlar?

Rak. Yes, must: recollect, every minute you lose, is a minute nearer to midnight.

Sam. [Alarmed.] Oh, dear! Well, then, they say that the old hulk, which has been wedged in between the black rocks for the last century, and is only to be seen at low water, has lately been visited by—by—

Ric. Well, by what?—a mermaid, fanning herself in the cool of the evening?

Sam. No, a apparition!—the ghost of the lady all in white, who perished when the ship went down. Oh! I thought she had been laid in the red sea!

Ric. So, the old hulk is haunted by a female spectre, is it? What a wife for the Flying Dutchman! [They all laugh.] Now, I should like vastly to come alongside that ghost who has such a turn for navigation. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Rak. [Aside.] A female spectre!

Sam. [To Richard.] How profane!—don't laugh!—
 [Aside, trembling.] I wish I was safe at home. She was
 seen twice last night—Oh!

Ric. Come, bring your story to an anchor.

Rak. [Aside.] Near the old hulk! I'll watch. [Exit, L.

Sam. So, as I was saying—[Looking round.] Where's
 that ere Pedlar?

Ric. Gone.

Sam. He's a deep 'un, and knows better than to pass
 within a mile of the haunted hulk after eleven o'clock at
 night.

Ric. Pooh! I wouldn't mind sleeping aboard the crazy
 timbers any time between this and the next twenty years.

[*The Sailors gradually disappear.*

Sam. [Aside.] He's afraid of nothing.—What a wicked
 wretch he must be! [Looking round.] And I alone with
 him. If his jealous fauries should lead him to do me a
 mischief—

Ric. My messmates seem all to have taken to the long-
 boat, so I'll be off after them. [Going, but returns.] By
 the bye, my voyage lies past Suzette's cottage, which is in
 your way home. We'll cruise alongside each other, you
 shall finish your story, and if we come within hail of this
 hobgoblin, suppose we board the hulk and beg to know
 whose colours she hoists, eh? [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Sam. No, indeed, I'd rather not! [Aside.] The jealous-
 pated goth! perhaps he wants to push me over the cliffs
 into the sea, and then swear the white woman smugged me
 into her boat. [Aloud.] I—the landlord always shows me
 home with a lantern.

Ric. A lantern! for shame! Come along, you lubber!
 d'ye think I'm to lay-toe here till daybreak? Push off!

[Exit, L., violently pushing off Sam.

SCENE III.—*Barncliff's Cottage, R.—a light seen at the
 window—a Cavern, L., entered by broken steps—Rocks
 and Water in the background.—Music.*

SUZETTE appears at the cottage window.

Suz. [Opening the window.] My father slumbers.—
 Richard will surely not think of returning to-night. [Listening.] No, I may venture forth.

[Closes the window, and disappears.

Enter SUZETTE in white drapery, from the cottage.

Suz. Dear unfortunate brother! Thou alone fearest not to behold the spectre of the hulk! Since the moment that Stephen awoke out of his terrible sleep, and came to my lattice at midnight to relate his fearful story, I have not known an instant of repose. My father is still ignorant of all—and Richard, what must he think of the alteration in my manners? Had I betrayed to him the situation of my brother, duty must have impelled him to cause his arrest, or—*[A pause.]* Away with tears!—Ah! *[Taking from her neck the handkerchief which Richard had given her.]* This dear token! it seems to me a signal of happier days. *[Kissing and thrusting it into her bosom.]* But I must assume my shadowy disguise, and away. Oh! Stephen, would I were the bearer of better news than that which warns thee to ignominious flight. *[The clock strikes.]* 'Tis the hour! Brother, I come!

[Music.—She covers herself with a white veil, and exits into the cave, L.]

Enter RICHARD BARNCLIFF, R. U. E.

Ric. *[Looking at the lattice.]* Dear Suzette! I wonder whether she sleeps. *[Tapping at the lattice, and calling.]* Suzette! How! she does not answer my signal!—Still all quiet! I can't sleep without speaking to her. Ah! Suzette, my love, awake—arise! and let me press thee to my—

Enter SAM SPROUTS, hastily, with a lantern, R. U. E.

Sam. *[Rushing into Richard's extended arms.]* Oh!—oh, dear!

Ric. *[Pushing him nearly down.]* You lubber!—What's ahead now?

Sam. The ghost's ahead!—*[Pointing to the back.]* just across there! They say she sails—*[The clock in the cottage strikes twelve.]* The clock's striking twelve—I'm sure I heard something!

Ric. *[Laughing.]* A sea-mew, piping his mate to her birth. *[Tapping at the lattice.]* No answer! *[Again tapping at the lattice, and calling.]* Suzette! Suzette!

Sam. *[Looking, L.]* Oh, horrible!

Ric. Avast, lubber! What squall next?

Sam. I saw it!—white!—[*Pointing.*]—there!

Ric. [Laughing.] Ha, ha! A star shining in the water. [Starting.] Great Powers! a female figure in white! I'll approach it.

Sam. I won't!

[*Staggers off, R.*

Ric. [Gazing, l. u. e.] That form! even in the imperfect moonlight, I could swear it was Suzette. There, again! How mysteriously she enters that little skiff! What is it the night wind wafts from her bosom? It flutters down the rocks this way. [Music.—*The wind blows down a blue handkerchief, which he picks up.*] Ha! the keepsake I bought her. Has she cast it from her in disdain? can it be, that she goes thus under false colours to meet another?—If I thought that—ha!

[*Music—He conceals himself behind a rock—SUZETTE passes in a little skiff, the sail of which appears white in the moonlight.*

Ric. [Speaking through the music.] She approaches the black rocks! Has she no fear of venturing near the haunted hulk? Perhaps she wanders in her sleep—within an hour it will be spring-tide. [Calling.] Suzette! Quite out of hail. The water is scarcely breast high—I'll follow, though she lead me to a watery grave. [Calling.] Stay, Suzette—Suzette!

[*Rushes off, R.*

SCENE IV.—*A Solitary Pass, in the Rocks.*

Enter SAM SPROUTS, hurriedly, l., with a lantern.

Sam. Where am I? Oh! Patty Maggs! I'm in the other world! I've seen a hobgoblin! [Falling on his knees.] Sixteen feet high it was—sixteen *highs* it had, and sixteen claws! Oh! my poor little palpitating heart! I wonder what's become of Richard? He laughed enough at me to-day, he'll laugh on the other side of his mouth to-morrow. All quiet. I wish I'd courage to get up and sneak home with my *highs* shut, that when I *hopens 'em*—Oh! what's that?

Enter LIEUTENANT RAKER, hastily, r., disguised as the Pedlar.

Rak. [Seizing Sam.] Speak! where's Richard Oakum?

Sam. [Coaxingly, holding up the lantern.] Ah! Master Pedlar, is that you?

Rak. Where's Richard Oakum, I say?

Sam. Gone off with the ghost, I believe.

Rak. Believe! Are you sure?

Sam. Sure—that is, quite sure.

Rak. Thank heaven! then all is right.

Sam. What do you say?

Rak. This I say,—go home and get to bed; and if you utter a syllable of meeting me here, I'll blow out your brains at our next interview. [Snatches the lantern.

Sam. How am I to find my way without the lantern? I can't see the puddles, and the—

Rak. [Showing a large pistol.] Do you see this? Be off! and, if you wouldn't have a bullet through your skull, keep your tongue silent.—Away!

Sam. Certainly—I—[Aside.] Oh! the sea-monster!

[Exit, L.]

Rak. Yes, 'tis Suzette. Amiable girl! Alas! she knows not, that at spring tide, yonder wild anchorage is scarcely navigable even to the practised seaman. The sunken rocks are more fatal there than the storm which rages above; but Heaven has sent her lover to watch over her, and every sinew of this arm shall be strained to rescue a poor innocent girl, who fearlessly ventures her life for the preservation of her brother.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE V.—*A wild, rocky Sea Coast, at low water—the Sea in the distance—a sand bank, strewn with small Rocks, R., off which is seen the Haunted Hulk, showing the broken ribs of a vessel, with a decayed deck, the water rushing towards, and retiring from the broken timbers—a Cavern, L., reaching to the sand bank by a flight of shelving rocks.—Moonlight.*

Enter STEPHEN BARNCLIFF from the cavern, L., down the shelving rocks.

SONG.—STEPHEN.

The toil of the hamlet is o'er;

'Tis night, all the world is at rest,

Save the waves that murmur around,

No sound cheers my desolate breast

Farewell to the home of my sire !
 The cottage, that hangs o'er the sea ;
 Ah ! woe, that its virtues, so rare,
 Should first be dishonour'd by me.

As the last gleam of yon lattice
 Sheds fainter and fainter its ray,
 The last beam of hope in my breast
 Sinks faster and faster away.
 I'll fly from the land of my birth,
 The battle my refuge shall be ;
 I'll die by the sword, that my kin
 May ne'er be dishonour'd by me.

[*Going.*] Hark ! I heard the rustling of a sail. [*Suzette crosses in a skiff.*] 'Tis there ! she comes !

SUZETTE appears on a rock, R.

Suz. [*Calling.*] Stephen ! Stephen !
 Ste. Here am I, Suzette ! Make haste and descend, I
 am dying with loneliness and despair.

[*Music.*—*Suzette approaches him through the timbers of the Hulk—he leads her forward, and as they embrace, RICHARD appears watching on the rock, R., which Suzette has just quitted.*

Ste. Dear Suzette ! my father—

Sus. Better—better.

Ric. [*Aside.*] A stranger alongside Suzette ! Suzette
 false-hearted ! My brain's on fire !

Suz. Alas ! there is no aid, no security but in flight. My daily hope was to have procured you a conveyance to France, but not a chance has presented itself, and here you are no longer safe ; my little skiff lies just beyond yon rock ; you must instantly quit this spot with me.

[*Richard, by this time, has cautiously crept down to deck of the Hulk.*

Ric. [*Starting up.*] Belay there ! the prize is as much mine as his, and I'll dispute it.

Suz. Then I fear, Richard, all must be discovered.—

[*Aside.*] Would it had been any one, rather than he.

Ric. No doubt, Suzette—no doubt ! All is now clear as daylight—your coldness—your melancholy—but I am no longer to be deluded by false signals.

Suz. [*Apart to Stephen.*] Pull your hat over your brow,

speak not ! a word would betray you ! [Aloud.] Richard—I implore you, Richard !—for my sake, let this youth pass unobserved !

Ric. [Bitterly.] Likely, ha !—besides, we have received orders to let no suspicious persons pass, on account of the deserter, and you know I can't neglect my duty—[Fixing himself in the way.]—impossible ! I should come in for the lash myself.

[*The water begins to rise beyond the Hulk.*]

Suz. If ever you loved me, Richard Oakum, show it now !—if you value my happiness, and your own, do not attempt to distinguish the features of my companion, but step aside, and let him pass.

Ric. Let him pass ! What, in the skiff, I suppose, which will scarcely carry two, yourself and him I take it ! On what moor island does he think I've been sleeping all my life ? No, no ! broadside for broadside will do better.

[*The water rises, and cuts off the return to the cave.*]

Suz. Some horrid jealousy has taken possession of your mind. Speak not to my companion, gaze not on his face, but instantly convey him in the skiff to land, and I will here await your return.

Ric. [Anxiously.] Avast there, Suzette ! are you mad ? It is spring tide, and by the time I get back you will be lost. See, now, how the water rises—pumping through these weather-beaten timbers. Come away, Suzette ! As for him, when you are once landed, I'll——

Suz. Heavens ! the water has already cut off our return to the cave ! [Firmly.] Richard Oakum, you know me—do my bidding, or, leave me here to perish !

Ste. [Apart.] Suzette, your life is dearer to me than my own.

Suz. [Apart.] Hush ! leave me—leave me !

Ric. [Anxiously.] Suzette, there is not time. Come up, love ! quick ! Would you be washed away ? [Stephen assists Suzette below, Richard above, and they get on deck.] Thus determined, these arms shall force you to save yourself.

Suz. Stand aside, Richard ! [To Stephen.] And you also. I know what is best to be done.

[*She runs to the end of the Hulk, and looks upon them with a determined air.*]

Ric. & }
Ste. } Suzette ! Suzette !

Suz. Not a word !—not a step nearer, if you would not see me toss myself into the deepening waters ! [Ready to plunge into the sea.] I am resolute—away ! or Suzette is lost !

Ric. Well, well, we're off—steady, steady ! Swift as the wind expect me ! [To Stephen.] Into the skiff—quick ! quick !

[*They jump into the skiff, and hurry off—the water covers the sandbank.*]

Suz. At length they are gone. Stephen may now escape, and Richard by remaining ignorant of his name or person, be void of suspicion, which, once excited, unless he would violate his own duty, must lead him to become eventually accessory to the arrest of my brother—[*The skiff passes—Suzette waves her veil—the lower timbers of the Hulk begin to disappear.*]—Farewell ! farewell ! The wind sets full in their sail. [Kneeling.] How the waves lash these tottering planks ! My head turns giddy as I gaze through the time-worn crevices ! Still, Richard returns not—the waters already touch the hem of my robe—the spray dashes over my face—I faint ! [Calling.] Help ! help !

[*Music.—She falls with her head against the timbers.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT RAKER, as the Pedlar, on a side rock, waving a lantern on a staff.

Rak. [Calling.] Suzette !—Suzette !—Keep up your courage, and you are safe !—Hold fast to the beam—Richard is coming—I see him—Huzza ! huzza !

[*Music.—RICHARD returns in the skiff, and, with difficulty, approaches the Hulk.*]

Ric. My love !—my Suzette !—Cheer—cheer—yo ho, hoy !—Aboard ! aboard, Suzette !—my own dear Suzette ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*He receives Suzette, insensible, into the skiff—the Hulk entirely disappears—they are alone on the waters in the moonlight, Raker on the height, cheering them—Stephen is seen in the distance, L., anxiously watching.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Barncliff's Cottage, as before.*

MUSIC.—Enter STEPHEN BARNCLIFF, *hastily, from the cave, L. U. E.*

Ste. (c.) He is saved, and danger no longer threatens. They approach! Suzette cautioned me to avoid Richard—she was right, I—Ha! footsteps! [Going.] Then, only under my paternal roof can I conceal my infamy. The door open.

[*The skiff, bearing Richard and Suzette, passes, as Stephen gets in at the window.*

Enter RICHARD and SUZETTE, *from the cave, L. U. E.*

Suz. [Aside, looking at the window.] He is there. [Aloud.] Dearest Richard, leave me; seek to learn no further, lest a painful duty compel—

Ric. How! sheer off—not enquire further, when I have just seen an enemy skulking through that door!

Suz. To-morrow! to-morrow!

Ric. No, no, now, before we part—explain!

Suz. Trust me a few short hours—leave me—every moment is fatal!

Ric. False-hearted Suzette!

Suz. You do me cruel wrong! It is for your sake, as well as his, I am thus mysterious.

Ric. For my sake! Avast! Do you doubt my courage?

Suz. Move but a step to apprise my father of the presence of the youth in yonder cottage, and I swear this hand shall never become thine!—never!

Ric. Suzette Barncliff, I have never been accustomed to uncoil my sentiments in book language, but I trust, if I can't speak as a scholar, I can feel as a man. That hand of yours, Suzette, the first time I breathed upon it—my truth—heart and soul was yours, but—

Suz. These unjust suspicions are cruel, as they are without foundation.

Ric. I see which way the wind veers, so, take your heart and your hand to one who is more deserving of them than poor Dick Oakum.

Suz. Dear, dear Richard! if you would not kill me, do not speak thus; indeed, I do not deserve such reproaches.

Barncliff. [Calling without.] Suzette! Suzette!

Suz. Ah, heavens! 'tis my father's voice! Should he have risen from his bed— [Exit into the cottage.

Ric. Gone so—not a word to me! What if I boldly enter the house and drag the skulker forth! No! the alarm would kill the poor old man, and his hull is going down fast enough already. What the devil shall I do?—'ere this I ought to have been on duty, looking out for the deserter. Poor fellow! Should Suzette really prove untrue, I don't care the value of a rope's end if they hang Dick Oakum in his stead. [Exit, L.

Enter SAM SPROUTS, R.

Sam. Daylight!—I'll abscond—run away—go to sea! Patty Maggs made me get outaxed to her in church while I was in Lunnun, and I promised to get uncle Caleb's consent; but now my courage has all hopped the twig, the best thing I can do will be to hop the twig myself.—I will! I'll run away to sea.

SONG.—SAM SPROUTS.

Away! away! to th' briny sea,
Vere the big waves is rolling;
Mayhap, in them ere waves to be
Along with poor Tom Bowling.
And ven I'm in the hocean laid,
A rosebud nipp'd, and all that,
Some hungry shark vill swallow me
As a herring bolts a sprat.

Away! away! o'er th' briny sea,
The can with grog is brimming;
Away! away! to Davy Jones,
Where soals and shrimps is swimming.
Farewell! farewell! to Lunnun town,
Where Patty's heart is bounding;
No more 'twill echo her sweet voice,
Like coachman's bugle sounding.

[Going, recoils.] Ha! what do I see? In the name of all that's extounding, Patty Maggs herself!

Enter PATTY MAGGS, R.

Patty. So, Master Sprouts! you appear a little sur-

prised. A fine reception, truly ! But have you obtained your uncle's consent to lead me to the hymenial halter ?

Sam. No, he'd halter me if I dared to mention it.

Patty. Look there, now ! Wasn't I told of your being a gay deceiver, and didn't I in consequence set off on the outside of the Blue Fly on purpose to make you keep your word ? Pray, sir, when are we to be married ? To marry me you promised, and marry me you shall !

Sam. [Aside.] There, now, if I don't, I suppose she'll be bring a *haction* for polly-piggamy ; it's all the fashion with the girls now. [Aloud.] Oh ! Patty, such a-to-do, since I came home ! Uncle wanted me to fling myself away upon Suzette Barncliff, but I wouldn't.

Patty. Who's Suzette Barncliff, pray ?

Sam. A young woman who lives in that ere cottage.

Patty. But what were you doing so near the cottage at this time o' the morning ?

Sam. Doing ? Oh ! I was coming to meet you, you know.

Patty. Mighty fine, indeed, Master Sam ! You thought me far enough off, I dare say ; but I'll expose all your perfidy—I'll go to your uncle. [Going.]

Sam. [Grasping her.] Inform my uncle ! Oh, Patty ! if you wouldn't see your Sammy with a large stone about his neck, floating on that there *hocean*—

Patty. Oh ! I am going to faint !

Sam. Stay till you gets out of hearing.

Patty. No, I'll faint here ! Oh ! help ! oh !

[Falls into Sam's arms.]

Enter OLD BARNCLIFF, R.

Bar. What's the matter ?

Sam. A young woman in her tricks—fits, I mean.

Bar. Poor thing ! [Calling.] Here, Suzette !

Patty. [Starting up.] No more in fits, perhaps, than other folks. [Aside.] Now I shall see this fine miss.

Enter SUZETTE, in her first dress, R.

Ugh ! well, I must say, that there's no comparison betwixt us.

Suz. [To Patty.] Can I do anything to serve you ?

Patty. No, indeed ! [Aside.] I dare say she'd like to pison me.

Suz. [Surprised.] I don't understand—

Patty. You don't need to look so frightened, miss, I'm not going to eat your darling; if he likes you better than me, take him.

Suz. [Aside.] What will she say next, I wonder?

Bar. What does all this mean? Sam, who is this young woman?

Sam. Patty Maggs.

Bar. The London lass, in whose praise I've heard you speak so often?

Patty. [Aside.] Praise!—So.

Sam. Yes, and I bought this new silk handkerchief for her. [To *Barncliff*.] Patty's jealous, sir.

Bar. Jealous! of whom?

Sam. Of Suzette.

Suz. Of me?

Bar. Now I understand. Set you heart at rest, Patty; my daughter is about to give her hand to another. Sammy is entirely your own—but you are fatigued; step into our cottage and rest yourself.

Patty. Thank you, sir. [Aside.] How civil! he sees I am somebody.

Suz. [Aside.] Into our cottage at such a moment! How unlucky!

Bar. I shall see Sam's uncle this morning, and will say a word in your behalf. As this is my son Stephen's birthday, I intend to invite a few friends, Richard amongst the rest. Run, Sam, and tell him we expect to see him as soon as he's at liberty.

Sam. Yes, I will.

[Exit, r.

Suz. Dear father, ill as you are, hadn't you better delay this meeting till—

Bar. No, no, Suzette, I may not live till another birthday, so I'm determined to enjoy the present. But, Suzette, where's your hospitality, you have forgotten to invite Patty to the house.

Suz. [Aside.] Unfortunate! what am I to do? [To *atty.*] Walk in, if you please.

Patty. Certainly, miss. [Aside.] A holiday! Just arrived time. I wonder whether they dance the polka, or the st new quadrilles and gallopades. [To *Suzette*.] Your servant, miss.

[*Exeunt Suzette and Patty into the cottage*, r. s. e.

Bar. My heart seems lighter to-day than usual, and,

i'faith, we'll make merry! Egad! I am so well, I'll e'en hobble down the village and invite my friends myself. [Singing.] "Begone dull care," &c. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Interior of Barncliff's Cottage—an old fashioned cabinet, R.—a door, c., leading into a chamber—a door, L. S. E.—an easy chair is brought in.*

Enter PATTY MAGGS, L. D.

Patty. Well, I really think the warm weather, or the fatigue of travelling, has nearly sent me to sleep. But where is Miss Suzette? she leaves me by myself the moment I enter the house—I! a person of my consequence!

SONG.—PATTY MAGGS.

Of London city, I'm the pride,
As many there can tell;
With new leghorn and ribbons red,
Of belles, I bear the belle.
At ball, or play, the beaux looks shy
Whenever I am there,
And sigh and die for Patty Maggs
With roses in her hair.

Five popping questions I've disdain'd
From lords and commons smart,
But he alone shall claim my hand
That first subdued my heart.
With him, than with the smartest beau,
A cottage I would share,
Or, live and linger, Patty Maggs,
With roses in my hair.

Ah! whispering—voices—perhaps Sam come back on the sly to tell her a bit of his mind. I'll find it out: I'll make believe to sleep, and overhear everything.

[*Throws herself into a chair, and pretends to sleep.*

Enter SUSEDTE from the chamber, c. f.

Suz. Pardon my delay, a little refreshment perhaps—
asleep! how fortunate! [Calling softly, c. f.] Stephen! Stephen! Should any person peep in at the window, it were not difficult to command a full view of that chamber.

Enter STEPHEN, C. D. F.

Step into this cabinet for an instant, while I look across the beach—hush—silence!

[*Stephen goes into the cabinet, R.—Exit Suzette, L. D.*

Patty. Who could it be? It wasn't Sam's step; a sweetheart, perhaps. I'll discover the whole affair, or I not one of the Maggs's. [Pretends to sleep.

Stephen. [Coming from the cabinet.] What a time Suzette appears absent. Could I reach the boat which lies under the rock, I might pull into the open sea, and so— [Looking out at the door, L. S. E.] Suzette hurries this way, pale—trembling! Ha! men following her! I'm lost!

[*Hurries into the chamber, D. F.*

Patty. Silent again! He's going to run off to sea with Suzette in a boat. If it should be Sam after all, speaking in a feigned voice to deceive me—[Peeping cautiously round, and rising.] Gone into yon chamber again—so I'll get into this closet and pretend to have taken my leave. Here's a keyhole, and I have got an eye like a needle.

[*Goes into the cabinet, R.*

Re-enter SUZETTE, hastily, L. D.

Suz. [Approaching the cabinet.] Shut the door—the Preventive men—shut the door! I must lock it. [Locks the door.] My firmness begins to desert me.

Enter OLD BARNCLIFF and SAM SPROUTS, L. D.

Bar. How is this, Suzette—friends arrived, and you quite unprepared? Come, child, bustle—open the closet and bring out the bottle of prime brandy, which I stowed away for the occasion.

Suz. [Confused.] The closet!—I—I have lost the key.

Sam. Shall I open it? I am reckoned an excellent pick-lock.

Bar. The lock is a curious one. Here comes Richard, he understands it.

Enter RICHARD OAKUM, L. D.

Why, Richard, boy, how pale you look! you are not ill, I hope?

Ric. No—not at all.

Sam. [Apart to Barncliff.] He's queer about the ghost I told you of.

Bar. [Laughing.] A ghost, indeed!

Sam. [Looking about.] Where's my Patty, I wonder?

Enter CALEB CAULDER, with Smugglers, at the door, L.S.E.

Cau. [To the Smugglers.] This is farmer Barncliff's.

Bar. Yes. What's your business?

Cau. We are looking after a deserter.

Bar. You surely don't expect to find him in my house?

Cau. We are authorised to search it.

Suz. [Aside.] Merciful Providence! [They search.]

Bar. I assure ye, gentlemen, there is no one concealed in this cottage: my sentiments are too well known to cause suspicion to fall on me. Perhaps you would like to enter yonder chamber?

Sam. [Placing his ear to the closet door.] Stay a bit! I hear somebody breathing in this cabinet.

Bar. In the cabinet!

Suz. There?—No! it—it—it's impossible—quite impossible!

Sam. It's either a man, or a mouse.

Cau. Where's the key?

Bar. Lost.

[During this period, Stephen shows himself to Suzette at the door of the chamber.]

Suz. No, no, father! I have just discovered it.

[Gives the key—Caulder opens the door, and Patty appears on her knees.]

Bar. Now, Sam, is it a man or a mouse?

Sam. It's Patty Maggs, by all that's curious!

Patty. Help me out, Sammy, or I shall die or faint away!

Sam. [Kneeling to Caulder.] Oh! uncle, don't be angry! we are as good as married already.

Cau. Dog! have you dared to deceive me?

[He draws a sword.]

Sam. [Starting up.] Oh! Patty—run, Patty! run! run!

[Exit Patty, l. d.—as Sam is following, Caulder raises his sword to strike at him, when Richard draws his sword, and springs forward.]

Ric. Avast there, Caleb Caulder! Would you destroy your own flesh and blood?

Cau. My flesh and blood! The cur! I disclaim him!

[*They fight, and Richard disarms him.*

Bar. Come, come, be calm.

Cau. Calm! who says I am otherways than calm? If you mean that as a sneer, look to yourself!—I've not done yet, your house hasn't been entirely searched.

Bar. All but this chamber, the door of which stands invitingly open,—pray enter.

Suz. [Aside.] All is lost!

Ric. [Apart.] Suzette, you tremble.—Dear Suzette! but one word—

[*Stephen conceals himself behind the chamber door.*

Cau. Dick Oakum, is this a time to be whispering nonsense into the ear of a love-sick girl, when your duty calls you into yonder chamber?

Ric. Not at your bidding, you old shark!

Suz. At mine, then, Richard. [Apart.] Keep near my poor father—support him—I am strengthless.

Ric. I will—I will! [To Caulder.] Now lead the way!

[*Exeunt Caulder, Old Barncliff, Richard, and Smugglers, into the chamber—the door closes after them, and Stephen discovers himself from behind it.*

Ste. Suzette, I have stolen from the chamber in the confusion—

Suz. Ha! Stephen—safe! Kind Heaven has heard me! Away—fly! fly to the Haunted Hulk again! I'll be with you at dusk—the ghost—go—I—go! go!

[*Stephen kisses her, and exits, hurriedly, L. D.*

Suz. Bounteous Providence, I thank thee!

Re-enter Barncliff, Caulder, Richard, and Smugglers, from the chamber.

Bar. [Laughing.] Now I hope you are satisfied. But tell me, why has my house been searched?

Ric. And the name of the deserter?

Cau. Haven't you seen one of the printed bills, offering twenty pounds for his apprehension? [Giving a bill.] Read it yourself, neighbour Barncliff—I'm no scholar.

Suz. No—no, father, no!

Bar. What's the matter now, Suzette? [Giving the bill.] Here, Richard, read it, my eyes are not good enough.

Ric. Now for the name! [Reading.] "Twenty pounds reward for the apprehension of—" [Pausing, aside.] I dare scarcely meet her reproaches—I deserve—I'm choaked!

Bar. Why, what magic is all this? Is there anything so paralizing in a name? [Taking the paper hastily from Richard, and reading.] "For the apprehension of Stephen Barn—" My child!

[He falls senseless on the ground.—Picture.

SCENE III.—*A Retreat of Rocks, showing part of the Haunted Hulk.*

Enter STEPHEN BARNCLIFF, R. U. E.

SONG.—STEPHEN.

I've drain'd my brimming cup of joy,
My dream of life is o'er;
My youthful star, that shone so bright,
Alas! will shine no more.
Farewell the smiles that cheer'd my heart,
With pleasures, true delight;
My peace of mind—my happy home—
Good night! good night! good night!

I fly, I fly, to stranger climes,
A felon's fate my doom;
No pitying hand shall close my eyes,
No tear bedew my tomb.
And soon I feel this breaking heart
Sad sorrow's frown must blight;
My peace of mind—my happy home—
Good night! good night! good night!

Every hope is o'er!—Despair! [Sinks against a rock, R.]

Enter RICHARD OAKUM, L.

Ric. Stephen—Stephen Barncliff!

Ste. Here am I. I surrender myself.

Ric. Dear Stephen! do you forget Dick Oakum?

Ste. [Springing towards him.] My brother! [Recoiling.] No, no! I cannot approach—my touch would disgrace you.

Ric. [Spreading out his arms.] Disgrace me! Avast

there, Stephen! Don't I feel and know that you are innocent; and d'ye think, if it were an act of bad seamanship even, that had cast you on a lea-shore, I could be so black-hearted as to turn away from you while you were foundering? No, Stephen, d—n me, if I would! though dragged to the bottom with you, hull, rigging, and all!

Ste. Richard! [They rush into each other's arms.

Ric. Stephen! Cheer, Stephen—cheer! Don't you remember how we used to launch our little paper boats together, Stephen—eh!

Ste. Ay, on this very spot. How changed!

Ric. Don't talk about changes; talk about—about affecting your escape—we'll cross the sea together—

Ste. Together!

Ric. Yes: I've planned it all. When we are on the other side, Suzette and your father will follow us.

Ste. Impossible!

Ric. Why impossible? it will do.

Ste. Generous fellow! And do you think I'll submit to your desertion—the violation of your honour and duty?

Ric. Don't talk to me of honour and duty, Stephen! When I was a poor outcast, orphan boy, who gave me shelter?—Your father! As I grew up, who instilled in my mind the feelings and principles of an honest man?—The good old man! I owe a debt of gratitude to my benefactor and his son, which can only be repaid with my heart's best blood!

Ste. Believe me, I am not unworthy of your friendship.

Ric. Come, then, to the boat under the cliff; we haven't a moment to spare—let's be off.

Ste. I comply, but I must go alone—I would rather die than—

Ric. Into the skiff I say! the marines are on the heights—we can scarcely expect to get beyond the reach of their pistols, 'ere—Ha! Caulder!

Enter CALEB CAULDER, and several of his Crew, L.

Cau. So, Dick Oakum, up with the deserter already, eh?

Ric. Who told you that? and who said he was a deserter?

Cau. D'ye think I don't know Stephen Barncliff? Has he surrendered?

Ric. Surrendered! No! a British tar never strikes his flag!

Cau. Secure him, lads, and claim the reward yourselves.
 [They attempt to seize Stephen.]

Ric. [Keeping them at bay.] What the devil is all this? and who are these lubbers that dare to lay their grappling irons athwart Stephen Barncliff?

Cau. These lubbers, as you please to call them, Master Dick, belong to my good ship the free trader there. [Points.] I take upon myself to seize this deserter in the name of the king, and shall keep him aboard my vessel till the reward for his apprehension be forthcoming. What say you to that?

Ric. Why, this I've got to say; king's man, or no king's man, Stephen is my old messmate, and if he must be hauled up, it shall be by somebody more ship-shape than such nigger-catching swabs as you and your devil's gang. [Drawing his cutlass.] Keep your distance, or, d—me! I'll let daylight into your hungry ribs!

Cau. Seize him!

Ric. Seize me! Seize the devil sooner!

Cau. Fellows, do you duty!

[Music.—A skirmish ensues—Stephen is dragged off,

L. S. E.—Richard attacks Caulder—two Smugglers rush forward, and disarm him.

Enter SUZETTE, suddenly, from the Hulk, in her white dress—she thrusts a brace of pistols into the hands of Richard, and Caulder and the Smugglers recoil.

Suz. [Wildly throwing back her veil.] My brother! where is he?

Cau. Her brother! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Suzette the ghost of the Haunted Hulk! Here's a discovery!

Suz. Pity me, Caleb Caulder—release my brother!

Cau. Not I! Can you who despised me and mine, talk to me of pity? Psha! away with it! [Laughing exultingly.] Ha, ha, ha! [Exeunt Caulder and Smuggers, R.

Suz. Monster!

Ric. Dear Suzette! what led you here thus opportunely to preserve your Richard's life?

Suz. The hope to save my brother's. Driven to distraction, I hastened to my little skiff, and made my way through the solitary passes of these rocks. The weapons were intended for my brother's protection, and yon skiff to bear him hence.

Ric. The skiff ! Bravo ! let us instantly jump into it, and hasten on board Caulder's vessel. Thus armed, I'll rescue my friend, or die !

[*Exeunt, r.*

SCENE IV.—*The Deck of Caulder's Vessel—a pennon flying, on which is inscribed "Caulder"—rigging, sail-cloth, hatchway, casks, &c.*

Enter Smugglers up the hatchway, as the sail of a Skiff appears alongside.

Enter CALEB CAULDER over the side.

Cau. Up with your prisoner !

Enter STEPHEN BARNCLIFF over the side, conducted by Smugglers.

Welcome, Master Stephen, aboard the free trader—all my own—no thanks to anybody.

Ste. By what right have you presumed to drag me hither ? I demand to be immediately placed under government arrest.

Cau. You demand ! Who the devil cares about your demand ?—not I.

Enter RICHARD OAKUM, suddenly springing up the vessel's side.

Ric. No ! Perhaps, then, you'll care about mine.

Cau. Mad-brained fool ! you here ! Sheer off, I say, or—

Ric. I shan't sheer off ! I come to take Stephen Barncliff aboard a king's ship.

Cau. [Laughing.] Ha, ha ! where's your authority ?

Ric. Where's your's for detaining him ?

Cau. None of your blustering here ! I'll shake you into as many tatters as a pennon in a storm. [Seizes him.]

Ric. [Dashing him down.] You ! Villain ! if you were not such a contemptible old lump, I'd toss your contraband carcase over the ship's side like an empty bucket.

Cau. Drag him to the hold, boys !

Ric. [Drawing out pistols.] They had better let it alone.

Cau. Pistols ! defence is legal. Fly to your arms, and—

Enter OLD BARNCLIFF up the side of the vessel.

Bar. No, no ! no violence. Richard, you are too hasty. Hear me speak, Caleb Caulder.

Cau. [Sneeringly.] Oh, certainly—pray speak, Mister Barncliff. [Aside.] I've sunk him at last.

Ste. Father, will you acknowledge me?

Bar. [Falling into his arms.] Father!—that word!—Stephen! Stephen!

Ste. I am innocent! [Richard goes to the ship's side.]
Bar. I hope so, boy—but you are here.

Enter SUZETTE, assisted on board by Richard.

Cau. Miss Suzette, too! I'm honoured, indeed.

Suz. Yes, Caleb Caulder, 'tis Suzette, whom you will not refuse to hear! Since 'tis I alone that have given you cause of displeasure, on me only suffer that displeasure to fall—release my brother, and I will humble myself at your feet. [Kneeling.] In pity spare him!

[Richard and Stephen spring forward to raise her.]

Ric. Degradation! Suzette! dear Suzette!

Suz. My heart will burst!

Ste. [Wildly.] Father—Suzette—Richard! leave me to my destiny!

Cau. No one quits this deck without my permission!

Omnes. How! are we prisoners?

Enter LIEUTENANT RAKER, abruptly, over the side of the ship, still disguised as the Pedlar.

Rak. No one quits this vessel without my permission—not even you, friend Caulder!

Ric. The devil! here's a double embargo!

Cau. [Apart to Raker.] Black Will, what mean you? I'm astonished!

Rak. I thought you would be.—But I shall astonish you still more yet. [Whistles.] Behold!

Marines spring up from every part of the rigging and deck, and present their arms at Caulder—Raker at the same instant throws off his disguise, and appears in full dress uniform, pointing at Caulder.

Ric. The deuce! the Pedlar a Lieutenant in the service!

Rak. You shall be commodore yet, boy. But Caleb, seems quite aground!

Cau. Aground!—I!—No!—Ha! ha! what treachery is this?

Rak. Treachery does not belong to me. [A Smuggler

hurries over the ship's side.] One of your crew has betrayed you. You are charged with piracy ; your ship is seized by order of government, and you are my prisoner. Marines, do your duty ! [Marines step forward and guard him.

Cau. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, since it has come to this, even to this, I am revenged ! Stephen Barncliff is—

Rak. Free !

Omnes. Free !

Rak. Yes ; by the aid of this disguise and my acquaintance with Caulder, I have been able to represent real facts in the proper quarter, and obtain the pardon of Stephen Barncliff.

[*He presents the pardon to Stephen, and the group of Barncliff's friends fall at his feet.*

Omnes. Blessings ! blessings !

Cau. [*Looking anxiously round, and muttering aside.*] Would that my curses had weight in them to sink ye all ! Down—deep into perdition ! Ha ! that firebrand !—'tis accomplished ! Revenge ! revenge !

[*By a sudden movement, he springs from amongst the Marines, and seizes a burning brand.*

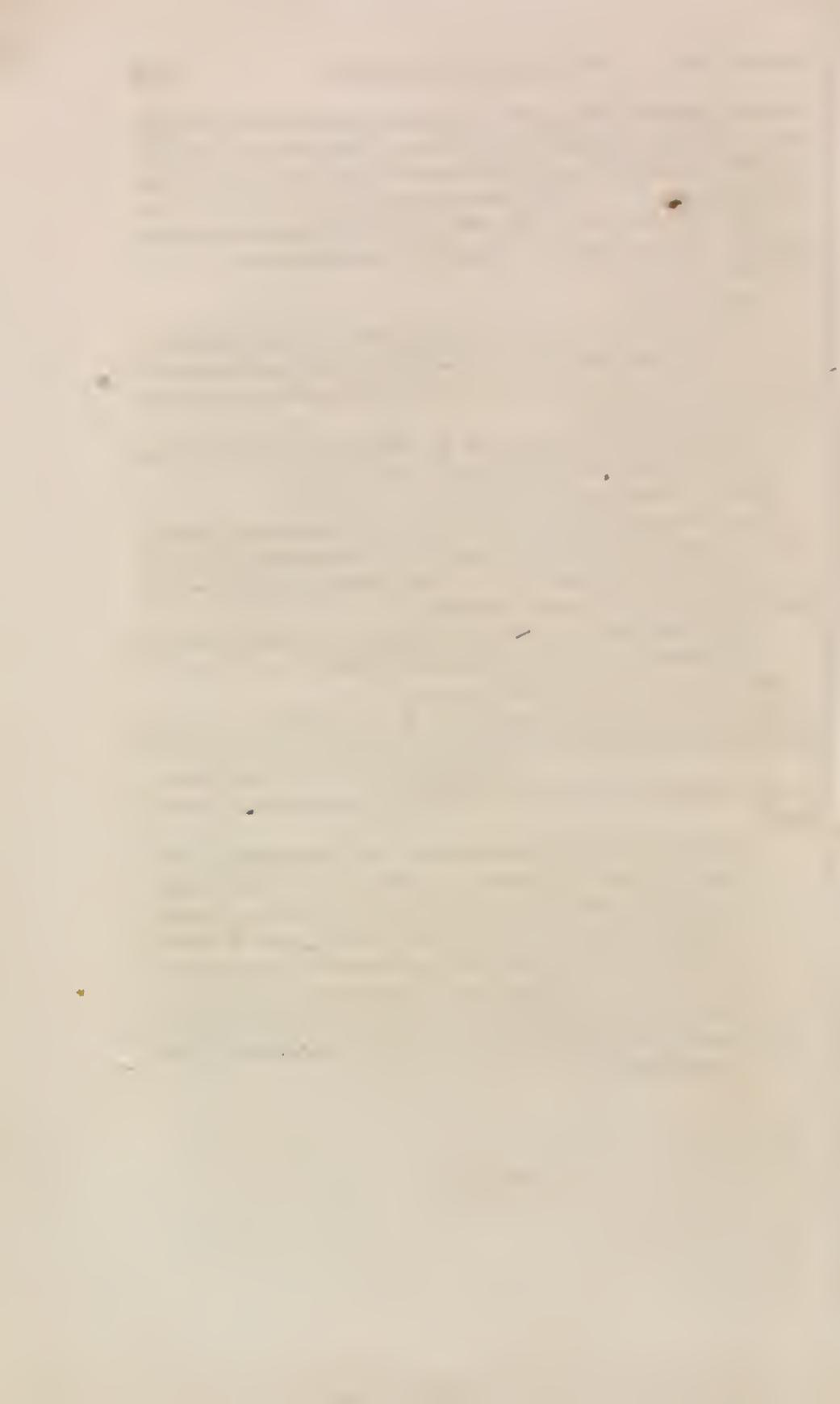
Rak. Caulder, surrender, or—

Cau. Never ! while revenge is in my power ! Sooner with this torch will I fire the vessel and perish in the flames !

[*He leaps down the hatchway.*

Ric. He has fired the vessel ! Escape to the boat—to the boat !

[*The fire ascends the hatchway—Old Barncliff, Suzette and Stephen escape over the ship's side—the Smugglers are overpowered by the Preventive Men—Caulder ascends the hatchway, and flies at Richard—they fight—Richard is disarmed—Raker interposes, stabs Caulder, and jumps into the boat—Caulder rises and attempts to follow, when Oakum shoots him—he falls, and an explosion bursts from the hatchway, as the curtain falls.*



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